The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 21.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent, *in all cases*, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

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WHEN a scene such as the following takes place in the College Chapel of *Wellesley* during a Concert which a few people at least desire to enjoy, it might cause strangers to remark upon the manners of Wellesley students, though of course a resident of the College would never suppose they are not all they should be.

MONDAY EVENING.—Pianist performing a beautiful selection from Schubert: "*Allegeo vivace con delicatezza.*" Young lady in back of house in audible whisper:

"I do wish he'd quit that!"

Companion (with what some people call a giggle, though we shall call it a stifled trill)—"Oh, it's right nice. Say, did you know Mary—— has been sent to the Hospital?"

"No! What a perfectly lovely gown Margaret has on! Is it blue or green? I never can distinguish at night." etc. etc.

In the meantime the pianist after finishing the selection with a few delicate, soft notes, suddenly starts into animation and strikes a resounding chord; which causes a young lady across the way, who has a friend out from Boston, to start convulsively, and then bury her frightened face in her handkerchief with a little subdued giggle. (We can't help it—it was a giggle.) Of course the performer should have given the house a slight warning before striking that startling chord,—but then some people are very thoughtless.

Certain individuals have been so unkind as to intimate that the young ladies might keep their seats during the time between performances; but this is unreasonable. When they are near the door, or even if they are near the middle of the room, why shouldn't they slip out?—the door is open, and the corridor beyond looks so tempting, offering a slight breath of fresh air—and everybody knows that "the Chapel is stifling." Then, too, they disturb the people in the rear of the house only, and there is but a bare possibility that these have come with any other notice than that of scrutinizing the guests and gleaning a few notes (not musical) for the PRELUDE, or that they desire to listen when the music is recommenced.

Finally, when "the play is played out," there is a grand rush for the door. Certainly it is natural,—but then the performers may desire to catch the next train, and it might be slightly more polite if the young ladies would keep their seats until they had passed out. But of course the musicians can be in no especial hurry, and if they miss this train, they can take the next which reaches Boston near midnight, and the girls do desire to leave their seats as soon as possible, though it is pleasant sometimes to stop and chat with a friend in the aisle.

So let us all adapt the motto: "Every girl for herself"—and, acting on this principle through the four years of College life, when we have left our "Alma Mater," and have gone forth into the world we shall understand how to push and scramble our way to the topmost pinnacle of self consideration and worldly advancement.

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THE VALUE OF THE HISTORICAL COURSE AS AN AID TO SELF DEVELOPMENT.

The above title, chosen by the editors of the "PRELUDE" as the subject of this article, demands a philosopher to discuss the question of "Self-development" wisely and define for others just what comes from the class room and what from a natural bent of mind. As the writer is not able to do this, she simply offers in the following pages a few notes and suggestions, hoping that her readers will add the philosophy each according to her own taste.

Before entering on our subject we must define what the term history means to us. Is it not a thorough, earnest investigation of the story of the children of men, or of some group of them, either through books or by observation, showing us their work and lives in such wise that we may see the good they have done and escape their errors?

Call this history or observation in human nature as you will, every person is forced by life to study it in some way and any girl who has taken the course at Wellesley can bear witness to the help it has given her in tolerance, judgment and dealing with affairs in her daily life.

The fresh and ambitious History Student begins her career with the determination to read *all* of *every* book she is asked to consult, and is soon swimming,—nay rather sinking in a sea of reading matter. Some day she will rejoice not alone in the ambition, but in its failure. Across the river from childhood's home stand the blue mysterious Catskills. Those hills claimed our childish love and devotion. There were hills and woods around us, but in imagination all great, strong, primeval life lay in the shelter of those dark woods across the river. In the cleft of the mountains fastness slept some "Brynhild the Bright" waiting for our coming.

The feeling is as strong within us to-day, altho' we know the mystery is that of the lonely warbler's nest in the hemlock boughs, of the squirrel's hoard in the hollow stump, the same mystery we may find in the woods below the house. But the fact that those hills were forbidden land, has it not forced us to paint a picture in our hearts that would have been merely in our eyes if we could have had our own way?

So to-day, we never expect to know the inmost romance of the world's story, and, if we could know it all, every bit, the world would become flat, stale and unprofitable. Does not the fact that life, time, strength, are too short, too limited to learn all history's story force us to write in our souls what would otherwise be simply stored in the brain.

History takes her disciple by the hand and leads her through the world, through the ages and says:

"Here is the footprint of a God. Here a Hero cut the knot of fate. Here the might of a Nation is carved in living rock. Here a great, heroic act crowned its age," and when you urge, "Ah tell me more." She points across the water to the dark peaks beyond saying:

"From thence he came.—and here are wild guesses or loving thoughts that the world has had about him, but you can *know* only what the heroism of your own life tells you."

This demand of History upon the student that she should be able to supplement it with her inner life seems to be the root of all the help it gives us.

Take a map, the crudest and barest of outlines, to one who has not the Country's story to feed the mind with, it is nothing but a scale of distances locating places, but to the one whose mind is filled with a living history, the map is a picture whose color is more glowing than Ruben's, whose light and shade are more wonderful than Rembrant's, the map speaks and tells such stories as it told to Froissart, to Scott, to Kingsley. See, take this coast of England, this channel that protects them, draw your finger along its edge, cannot you see the stately in Armada sailing in its great crescent shape order toward its prey? See the ships of England running out from every dent and cove to join the fight. There are the men who make the Spanish tremble, Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, and many another of little rank or station, but bound to offer their all for merrie England. Can you see the fight that soon became a chase, wherein the haughty galleons of Spain press on northward, ever northward because they dare not turn back, for hanging on their flanks is the might and muscle of England? And so before English ships and driving storm they

flee away, and only a few ships of that great fleet return to tell Spain how Englishmen guard their jewel set in the rough seas.

If your alchemy cannot change the common map to this gold, the Midas touch can be given by a lively course in History.

But History does not alone add to our pleasures. By demanding that we *live* her life as well as study it, she wakens strong and active sympathies. This you see in trying to work with different classes. It is those who love and sympathize with the buried world of the past who have faith and strength for the problems of to-day and so build a highway for the great to-morrow.

Now History not only feeds the mind and heart, but she looks carefully after the companions of our imaginations.

How carefully a mother selects the friends of her little child, yet how often the innermost, nearest companionship, that of the mind is neglected.

We hear of training the mind, stimulating the intellect, of mathematics to give strength and precision, of language to give polish, but how often do you hear of a trained and governed imagination and of carefully chosen companionship for that restless faculty? Yet no power of mind or body can so surely cast a soul to utter ruin or raise it to high and lofty deeds as this same imagination.

Some one will say:

"But History is truth, that is no training for the imagination, give that fiction."

Yes, but fiction may be true in spirit. much truer often than bare records, and anyone who thinks on the subject at all, will not *dare* feed on any thing that tastes false.

Every time a person whose soul is swallowed up in the selfish details of daily life is aroused to sympathy with the world before her, a stroke of missionary work is done, and how real, living history given to the boy whose imagination craving food, seeks it in dime novels, or the girl who longing for a wider world than her own fills her head with the "Dutchess," or "Ouida," would have been a gospel of heroism to redeem them from wasted lives.

Now that History has ennobled our lives, put the pleasures of fancy at our command, widened our sympathy, guided and controled our imagination, what does she demand of us?

First, heroism. How utterly History frowns down the selfishness, ease and falsehood of an unheroic life. She demands of us women heroism,—not of the battle field or even of the hospital, but in patient striving to accomplish, in spite of obstacles, what we undertake, and the being ready not to die for truth, but to be true.

Then she grants to us the privilege—which none can refuse who have followed her so far, of being *Patriots*. That name that is made to cover a multitude of sins and yet should be the crown toward which every life reaches.

Patriotism that consists in love of party, in hysterical enthusiasm, in decoration, illumination, cheers, etc., seemed a year ago the commonest of virtues among girls. But oh, what a queer thing it is! It is all good to a degree, some of it very necessary. As they say the Highland Regiments cannot fight without the bagpipes, so Patriotism needs the fire-cracker of popular enthusiasm, but if, when there are stern questions to be settled, we women carry fire-crackers instead of rifles, we shall indeed make poor soldiers.

I believe that no young woman leaves the Constitutional History, or Political Economy class at College without knowing that the questions of to-day are deeper ones than the opinion of a popular speaker or the war cry of a party. I hope that no woman can leave the College without the conviction that of her is demanded a wide tolerance that will hear before judging, a responsibility that remembers that each soul must know, think, judge, and act for itself.

This name of Patriot, how History demands it of us in a hundred voices. Over and over she urges its claims. On every page she presents its attributes, courage, loyalty, and truth, and shall we not follow the path she points and say with one who loved her:—

"We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman hands should shake and fail."

Man's mind, what is it but a convex glass
Wherein are gathered all the scathered points
Picked out of the immensity of sky,
To reunite these, be our heaven for earth,
Our known unknown, our God revealed to man?

Browning.

BRIDGET'S PROPOSAL.

O Patrick and Bridget, they walked by the sea,
And they didn't keep far apart, sure,
For they were as loving as sweethearts could be,
Though both were uncommonly poor.

Says Patrick to Biddy, "Me Darlint, be mine,
And let the priest marry us straight;
For praties are plenty, the weather is fine,
And the shanty won't grow if we wait.

"We'll ax in the friends that have helped us along
With jokes when the craps didn't grow;
And all our relations; my eye! but the throng
Will make the wee house overflow.

"Yer feyther will see that the eatin' is good,
With cabbage, and maybe the pig;
And the floor won't fall through, for it's earth, niver wood,
And the fiddler will play us a jig."

"O Patrick," says Biddy, "Blist light of my soul,
I've airnt me a pretty green gown
Ixpectin' perhaps that before it grew old
It would walk at your side in the town.

"And ye've some brass bottons, yer brother told me;
Jist think Pat, how fine we will look!
Ye're the handsomest man that I iver did see,
And faith! I'm no sham of a cook.

"O Patrick, jist think of the byes that have asked
'Me Angel' (their angel!) 'be mine;'
And think of the gyrruls that braggit so fast—
But I've caught ye, so brave and so fine.

"See out there the water rolls up on the sand
And back to the ocean it goes,
That touches the shore of that far-away land
Where cabbage with liberty grows.

"Think wunst of our neighbors, how poor they all are;
The childer and hard-working wives:
Their thin withered cheeks would be rounded and fair
If they were not half-starved all their lives.

"Now Pat, if ye love me, let's marry, and thin
Oh, go to America straight,
And get ye a job, and send after me whin—
Pat, there comes me mither! don't wait."

L. B. W., '91.

The unremitting retrution of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult or on the scaffold. —*R. W. Emerson.*

THE WIND SPIRITS.

Far out into the night leaned a child,—What are the winds? Deep down in the pines, like the heart-voice of a ruined life, a low, sad strain is beginning. For the moon and the stars, protectors of the night, have hidden their faces, and the malicious gnomes are free to rule the darkness. So the elves mourn; voice after voice takes up the sorrowful chant, now rising to a wail, now sinking to a whisper. Nearer and nearer it comes, until the child almost catches the words,

Darkness and dread and foreboding.

Then, seeing the child, they lower their voices and flit by, growing ever fainter and fainter, till the sound is lost in the trees.

But hark! another tone, unlike the first, resounds from the depth of the forest. Ominous muttering instead of the sweet, sad dirge of the friendly wood-sprites. The gnomes are plotting, and their sullen words sound strangely in contrast with the peaceful quiet of the night. How dare the child of hated mortals rise to listen to the night-voices? Shall he who has each day to himself take also the darkness, the night-elves own? So they angrily mutter.

Slowly their wrath kindles. Low murmurs and excited shouts mingle strangely with each other. Smothered threats, broken now and then with fierce imprecations, reach the wondering ear of the child.

Suddenly, with a wild shriek, they dash toward the offender, dragging, pulling, pushing everything before them. Woe to the luckless traveller, whom they find on the bleak moor! Woe to the unsuspecting child, as he leans out into the night! With savage delight the foremost rush on the child, roughly tearing at his hair and beating in his face to deprive him of breath. In terror he wrests himself from their grasp and closes the window. Just in time! With the yell of fiends, the rest of the gnomes seek to drag him forth, rudely pushing against the doors, and peering with their gleaming eyes into the windows. Then, enraged at failure, they withdraw to a distance, with menacing growls, plotting, plotting, plotting. Suddenly, gathering up all their strength, they turn and rush against the trembling windows, roughly shaking them, and lay-

ing their mouths close to the cracks, they hiss through them their hate and defiance. Again and again, through the night, with the maddened howl of baffled fury, they beat upon the panes and shriek aloud their rage and thirst for revenge. Now they withdraw in sulky silence, only to return to the attack with heightened fury. At last the child sleeps, exhausted by fright and apprehension.

The morning finds the earth clad in a mantle of glistening white. The baleful influence of the darkness has departed. The happy elves are dancing here and there, busily strewing the white flakes, to cover up all remembrance of the ravages of the night. Peace to the child again! Once more, he leans out at the window. The elves toss a flake into his face for greeting.

Myrtilla Avery, '91.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

In James Thompson we recognize the first English writer who is distinctively a poet of nature. The ballad-writer took the outside world as a matter of course, and lived in it in a childlike way, without reflecting much about his surroundings, still less attempting to describe them. Spenser had beautiful descriptions of sunrises, hills and dales, trembling groves and crystal fountains, enchanted lakes and flourishing gardens, but these descriptions were drawn either from the stock on hand in classic literature, or from Spenser's rich world of imagination; they belong not to England, but to Fancy's realm. Milton lived in his books, and did not love nature enough to draw close to her heart and receive her whispered secrets. Herrick, indeed, wrote of Spring and flowers, how lilies came white and violets blue, but very lightly; he looked at nature's face, and found her pleasing enough, but not worth wooing. While Pope had so far lost all knowledge of nature's ways as to be unable even to translate natural scenes with accuracy or appreciation. Wordsworth says that from the time of Milton to the one of which we are now speaking, there had not been a single new image of nature in literature, and the few descriptions of her face had been such as blind men might have written. Nature, all these years, has been thrust aside for love, for religion, philosophy, politics, criticism, argument, yes, even for personal abuse, and the first man to lead us out into the woods and green fields is James Thompson.

The poet was born in the very first year of the eighteenth century. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and at an early age showed marked poetical talent. In disposition, he was ease-loving, wont to lie in bed till midday, in utter forgetfulness or defiance of the lofty exhortation he had given in The Seasons for "falsely luxurious man to awake, and springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy the cool, the fragrant and the silent hour"—before dawn. In truth, Thompson was by nature indolent, though he seems to have struggled against his idle propensities in a noble manner: for, when his father's death left the family penniless, the young poet labored generously to support an invalid brother and help his two sisters. He was apparently an easy-going gentleman, of simple habits, kind and generous disposition, quiet and contemplative mind. We feel glad that as his reputation increased, his fortunes grew better, and that at last he had an opportunity to enjoy the leisure which he loved in a snug country home.

The corner-stone upon which Thompson's reputation and fortune and snug country house were built was The Seasons. It seems quite natural, too, that the book should have been so popular; for it must have been a relief to turn to the pure scenes of nature, which had been neglected so long. Moreover the poet was brave enough to rebel against the tyranny of Pope's laws, and in so doing he must have confirmed a suspicion lying hidden in all men's hearts, a feeling that points of satire, epigrammatic wit and antitheses, however neatly turned in rhyme, were inadequate to express all emotions of the human breast.

The poem is chiefly interesting as marking a transition between the artificial classicism of Pope and the simple naturalism of Wordsworth's school. As compared with preceding poetry, we recognize at the first reading a marked advance. Heretofore, every poem has served a political, philosophical or critical purpose, now the theme is broad fields and deep woods; before, poetry has been made an opportunity for most scathing personal attacks, now the songs are of things, not persons, and breathe the pure air of heaven; before, we have had rigid

mechanical rules of form, studied phrase, epigrams, neat heroic couplets, now we have flexible blank verse, and in general expression more lack of formal art than excess. Compared with what went before it, we may say, "The Seasons is a new revelation;" compared with what came after, we may say, "The Seasons is scarcely worth reading:" it is full of insipid episodes, tiresome philosophizing, artificial invocations and apostrophes, its language is cumbrous and wearisome. In short, as was said above, the poem belongs to a transition period; it leads our thoughts back to nature and purity and humble life, and so makes ready for the later period of song, represented by Burns and Wordsworth, a period that exalts nature to a living being; embraces all humanity, irrespective of class; swells with emotion; deals with personal religion.

As the name indicates, The Seasons is a poem of the rolling year, showing the changes produced in nature through the revolving months. There are four books, each containing between a thousand and fifteen hundred lines, devoted respectively to Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Each book, according to the fashion of the day, is dedicated to some person whose characteristics are dwelt upon to a greater or less extent by way of introduction. Travels, episodes, sermons, and philosophical dissertations are often woven into the narrative.

The characteristic first forced upon one's attention, in reading the book, is the author's intimacy with nature. His attitude to the world is not that of the early English writer, nor yet that of the nineteenth century poet. Thompson is interested in nature's ways, observing, intimately aquainted with her frowns and smiles, he truly loves her and draws his inspiration from her, and in so far he has a lasting charm, he is not passionate in his love of nature, not particularly scientific in his observation or philosophical in his thought of her, but in a simple, genuine way he thinks about, watches and loves her, and we cannot help applying to himself the words he writes of the man who lives a quiet, uneventful life in sympathy with nature:—

> The fall of kings,
> The rage of nations, and the crush of states
> Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
> In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
> To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
> And day to day, through the revolving year:
> Admiring, sees her in every shape,
> Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
> Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
> He, when young Spring protudes the bursting gems,
> Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
> Into his freshened soul; and not a beauty blows,
> And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
> In Summer lies, beneath the living shade,
> Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
> Or Hermes cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
> Perhaps, is in immortal numbers sung;
> Or what she dictates writes: and oft an eye,
> Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
> When Autumn's yellow lustre gildes the world,
> And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
> Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
> With gentle throes; then he best exerts his song,
> E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss."
>
> (III: 1300-1380.)

Such a man it was who wrote The Seasons, and in truth these lines are an epitomized Seasons.

Another characteristic of the spirit of the poem is its religiousness, in sharp contrast with the intellectual theology of Pope, Thompson perceived order and unity in the lowliest as well as the loftiest things of creation, and this was to him testimony of heavenly intelligence, and thus he leads us continually through Nature to God, as Lord over Nature. His conception of God is not so much a conception of a sympathizing personality as of a mighty ruler of the universe. It is God who fills the lamps of heaven, who holds the heavenly bodies in their course, who sustains the world, who pours abundance o'er the fields and diffuses love through the breasts of the birds. These moral strains are always in admirable spirit, and written with force and fervor. One of the best expressions of this feeling is in the Hymn which is the postlude to The Seasons, and is perhaps the best known and most finished of Thompson's lines. The hymn begins thus:—

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love,
> Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
> And every sense, and every heart is joy.
> Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
> With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast."

Closely allied to this religiousness, one notices a spirit of universal sympathy. Heretofore, all men were despised except the rich and learned, but here in the very theme of verse is something that comes within the range of the lowliest experience, sets forth the delights of simple country life, and, in addition, distinctly teaches kindness and gentleness towards all God's creatures by speaking in behalf of slaves and misused prisoners, of deer and timid hare cruelly hunted down by man and dog, lambs untenderly treated by rough shepherds, caged birds, that "lose the sprightly wildness in their notes," bees robbed of all their hardly-earned honey. The poet even has words of pity for the fisherman's worm, and the unwary fly caught in the spider's web.

There is also great purity of thought prevading the poem, in sharp contrast again to the low mora tone and coarseness of previous times. Thompson seems to have had a natural love for the good and beautiful. At his death, it was said of him most truly:—

"His chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

It might be added, no line which anyone would wish him to blot.

But while one may say this most heartily as a moralist, as a critic there are a thousand lines which one wishes Thompson had blotted. The spirit of the poem is excellent; there is genuine warmth of feeling, true poetic genius, fine imagination, sweetness of fancy and gentleness of soul, but in the expression of these inner qualities we find some of the stiffness, heaviness and monotony of the previous period infecting the style.

Descriptive power, naturally, in a work of this kind, is the first point to be noticed. In regard to this, we observe that the descriptions are entirely objective, dealing with Nature as she presents herself to the senses, and not as she presents herself to the soul, a type of spiritual life. Furthermore, we readily recognize that Thompson excels in bringing a picture before us in its wholeness, and that he brings it before our imagination no less than before our eyes; we feel the effect of the atmosphere which he depicts, the gloom of Winter or the glow of Summer. For example, in the following description of a Summer noon.

"Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove." (II: 443-450.)

We cannot help but feel the oppressive glare of the withering Summer sun. Yet of many good descriptive passages in the book, it is difficult to select one which is entirely satisfactory, on account of the unevenness of quality, there will be many pleasing phrases true to nature, but many others insipid and prosaic. Thompson's indolence seems to have affected his literary work and kept him from maintaining the level of his best. He seemed to have written entirely as his heart prompted and not to have taken the trouble to prune or revise. There is nearly always vividness, luxuriance and beauty of color in his pictures, but he lacks the simplicity of thought and expression that forms so large an element in wholly beautiful descriptions. The poet was particularly fond of describing birds and was apparently perfectly acquainted with their different songs, dresses and ways of living. One beautiful passage is written on their return in Spring, (I: 580-677.)

But Thompson does not always select so poetical a theme as the doings of birds; he sometimes selects material that we would consider to be rather foreign to poetry. For instance, he describes at length the process of burning caterpillar's nests off the trees, and grows quite prolix on the beauty of a fog. When an insignificant subject is dressed in grandiloquent words, as often happens, the effect is somewhat ridiculous. Of flies dropping into a

milk-pail, it is said :—

"Oft, inadventent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapped, expire."

Apropos of fishing, the author writes :—

"If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital life of heaven,
Soft disengage and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw."

This is the way he tells of the fly and the spider :—

"But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorred! amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
Overlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last reassured, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide along the leaning line;
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleased; the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable hand." (II:261.)

When we see that Thompson has such tender sensibilities as to be melted at the sight of a dying fly, we are not surprised to find his emotion running away with his artistic taste at times. His tendency to sentimentalism is most marked in the episodes, some of which are apparently introduced for the pure purpose of giving vent to tender feeling. For example, in the midst of a thunder storm, two fond lovers are introduced, taking a walk. Amelia is frightened by the lightening, "heavy with instant fate, her bosom heaved unwonted sighs." Celadon tries to comfort her,

"'Fear not', he said,
'Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offense,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, even smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the sacred shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
Which thunder's terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!' From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid."
(II:1170-)

We feel as though we might be reading a third-rate novel, when we come to such passages. Some one of the critics defends Thompson's use of episodes by saying that they add greatly to the interest of the book. In regard to that, I confess one cannot pronounce the incidents to be always uninteresting, but the interest is often of such a character as to provoke a smile.

Thompson often brings in his learning, too, as well as his feeling, in an obtrusive manner, as when he turns away from the rainbow to inform us about Newton with his prism, and when he parades before us all the worthies of the past ages, from Socrates to Pope, merely by way of extra entertainment. He is often, also, emphatic and didactic in his moralizing.

In language, as has been said before, there is a lack of simplicity, a stiffness, pompousness and monotony, and yet, for one who will read The Seasons through, there is in store many a true and felicitous expression. The following are a few of many :—

"From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs."

"The many twinkling leaves of aspen tall." "The river dimpling along." "The breezy-ruffled lake." "The mazy-running soul of melody" is applied to the nightingale's song; the "dumb mead," to the land at summer noon-tide. "The glow-worm lights his gem." Of the moonlight it is written :—

"The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world."

At times even Thompson's diction, wherein he was most liable to offend, we see can be pure and musical. In truth, those faults which the book has were almost unavoidable in the work of a writer who came when Thompson did, and are of slight consequence in comparison with the beauties which mark The Seasons as a dawn of a new and better era in song, and which show the author to have been a true poet, whose eye was ever open to the beautiful and good in life, whose thought was pure and whose fancy delicate.

Elanor Sherwin, '89.

But make use of your eyes,
And always look wise,
No matter how silly you're feeling.

M. E. B.

HOME.

I sat beside the firelights glow,
While lullabies so soft and low,
Became sweet dreams of home;

And spirits, playing hide-and-seek
About the logs, seemed now to speak
To me their varied thought.

The wildest frolicker of all
Said, "I have climbed the ladder tall,
Of sunlight to the sky;

"And Cloudland's armies have I led
To victory; I too have spread
The rainbow-feast of joy.

"One drowsy summer day, I crept
To the heart of a friendly oak: I slept.
Hark! Night is calling me!"

"Stay, roving Soul of Air!" I cried;
"Is there no spot than all beside
More dear? O, where is home!"

The Fir-tree Spirit whispered then,
"Didst thou but know the mountain glen
I loved, thy search were o'er.

"A fairy brook, in robes of mist,
Swept by the bank, where sunbeams kissed
The blushing may-flower's face.

"Low at my feet, the violet,
Demure and sweet, its beauty set
In jewels, breathed its love."

Another spoke:—"Nay, nay, not so!
Beside the ways where to and fro
Surge tides of human life

"Are stately mansions, touched by art,
And warmed to beauty in man's heart.
Nay, surely *these* are homes!"

Then spirits of the Driftwood rose,
In Ocean's vesture clad;—"Who knows
The secret?—Where is home?

"Ask not of us,—We never knew
Aught but unrest!" A deep'ning hue
Of sadness 'round them fell.

* * * * * *

The voices cease; the firelight dies;—
My answer shines from out your eyes,
Where *Love* is, *there* is *Home!*

F. C. L., '92.

THE WEEK.

On Saturday afternoon, March 1, Prof. Lord delivered the first lecture in a course of lectures to be given on Latin Literature. Her subject was the Latin Drama. Prof. Lord introduced her lecture by giving a brief account of Rome in the first five hundred years before she began to have a literature. To live, to do, to conquer, to rule, then possessed the energies of Rome. From annals, epitaphs and chants were gained the germs to be quickened to life by contact with Greek civilization. The earliest growth in Roman literature was poesy, but this was largely influenced by the Greek—the earliest verse was the Saturnian verse. It consists of two parts, each made up of three trochies. The Romans were not destitute of wit and humour and the satyric drama grew out of the jests bandied about by the revellers at the festivals. The next period of Roman drama is represented by Livius Andronicus. He wrote plays of mythology, Greek Life and Roman History. He was but the prologue however, the real drama centers in Naevius, Ennius, Pæcuvius and Accius. Naevius was a contemporary of Livius but, unlike him, a Roman through and through. He wrote a national epic. His tragedies were moulded after the Greek, but his comedies appear to be his own. Ennius was the father of Roman poetry. His great work was the "Annals of the Roman People." The fragments of his works which remain, possess no intrinsic charm to the modern reader. Tragedy is known by the names of Pæcuvius and Accius. Their plays are nearly all translations from the Greek. The great names in Latin Comedy are Plautus and Terence. Plautus draws his plays from the new Attic Comedy, but through the Greek mask is revealed the Roman character. About a hundred and thirty plays have been attributed to him, but of these only twenty or twenty-one are now considered genuine. The Captivi, Triumvirus and the Mostellaria are accounted his best plays. He excells in depicting friendship and honor. In these comedies, the wife and matron rarely appears, though often the occasion of some sorry jest; the wit and humour in these plays is confined largely to the parasite and slaves. The Latin of Plautus is excellent, and his sentiments are noble. Between Plautus and Terence a period of about thirty-five years intervaned, this period was occupied by Carcilius Statius, a writer little known by us. Plautus and Terence differ as the mae of genius, and the writer of talent. In the one we have the electric spark which flashes from author to reader. In the other there is polish of style, sound reflection, good skill in plot and unsurpassed taste in the use of language. The wit of Terence enlivens without causing a smile, while the wit of Plautus causes a jovial laugh. Six plays of Terence are, at present, extant, and these

are all he probably ever wrote. Out of these six plays, the Andrea and the Adelphi are the best known. The moral is clear in his plays, the love is sincere and noble. The keynote of his works is an honor to him. It is, "I am a man, I think nothing that pertains to man foreign to me." He wrote not to amuse, but to instruct the Roman people.

* * *

On Sunday, March 2, Dr. C. A. Briggs, of New York, preached from the text Eph. 4:3; "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

* * *

This week was an important one in the Sophomoric annals of '92. The election of the class crew was the cause of considerable excitement, not wholly confined to the class which was naturally most interested. On Thursday, Feb. 27, the captain, and two members of the crew were elected; five more were chosen on Friday, Feb. 18, and the rest on Saturday, March 1. The result of the elections was as follows:

Miss Nettie G. Pullen, Captain.
" Alice W. Dransfield.
" Virginia R. Dodge,
" Mary S. Patterson.
" Emma L. McAlarney.
" Florence A. Wing.
" Clara A. Belfield.
" Josephine Emerson.
" Louise Brown.
" Maud W. Ware, } Substitutes.
" Gertrude Cushing, }
" Elinor K. Bruce, }
" Anna R. Wilkinson, }

* * *

On Sunday evening, March 2, Rev. William T. Elsing gave a very interesting talk on missionary work in New York City, illustrated by steroptican views taken with detective camera and flash-light. There are in New York 290,000 persons to a square mile, about 120,000 more than in London. Often as many as 1000 of these live under one roof, and 197 children were actually found in one house. The tenement-houses are generally built about a court, and a plan of a block of such houses showed how little open space there really is. Pictures of the outsides and courts of several made it seem almost incredible that there are found occasionally cheerful rooms and pleasant homes even in such houses. In strange contrast to one old tenement house was the magnificent Stewart mansion that now stands in its place. The picture of Gotham Court as it was and as it is now, showed what great things can be done in Tenement House Reform by an earnest Christian man. Then followed pictures of Blindman's Alley, inhabited almost entirely by blind people, and Ragman's Alley, the home of many Italian rag-pickers. The pictures of such miserable homes were sad enough, but the pictures of the people who live in them were sadder still; the little boy with the pail of beer for his mother, the drunkard, and the drunkard's children. A picture of some boys sleeping out-doors was followed by one of the News-boy's Lodging House with its pleasant dormitories built for just such homeless children, and by another of the last party of boys sent West by Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Then came pictures from the "Rogues Gallery," both high and low grade criminals, and also views of the interior of the tombs and prison cells. We saw also some of the miserable cheap lodging houses, from those charging ten or seven cents a bed to those charging five cents a "spot," or the saloons where a chair for the night goes with the beer. The last pictures gave us some idea of the work that is being done for these people. We were glad to see Jerry McAuley's face and hear of his wonderful conversion after seven years in prison, and of his work on Water Street; of Dr. Parkhurst's church: of the Florence Night Mission, and the Home for Girls connected with it, both founded by Mr. Crittenden; of the Five Points House of Industry: of the Broom Street Tabernacle, one of the City Mission churches, under John Dooling, himself an orphan, found forty years ago on the same spot where his church now stands; and of the De Witt Memorial, Mr. Elsing's own church on Rivington Street, also one of the City Mission churches. We wish there were more space in which to repeat some of the interesting and pathetic stories which Mr. Elsing told about the places and people. We must speak of little Laura York, found in the streets eleven months ago, and now the adopted charge of several physicians in a New York hospital. Both stories and pictures revealed to us the great need in our large cities for consecrated Christian wealth, but most of all, for lives of earnest Christian service.

* * *

Chaperoned by a goodly number of teachers and professors the College *en masse* attended the Greek theatre on Monday Evening, March 3, under the guidance of Professor John Williams White of Harvard College. What more learned and entertaining guide could have been found? and what more enjoyable, less fatiguing way of making the visit than to sit in the College Chapel, and see thrown upon the screen views of the Dionysiae theatre at Athens? Prof. White told of his own first day at Athens which the beautiful city's wonderful fascination lengthened to one of seventeen

hours. He showed us views of the Acropolis, and the theatre hewn out of the rock on its southeastern slope. Part of the ruins remaining, belong probably about 300 A. D. but part date back to the time of Lycurgus. The stone seats rose in a semi-circle from the marble paved orchestra. In March of each year, at the time of the festival of the Greater Dionysia, these seats were filled with an enthusiastic audience, who came at early dawn and stayed till nightfall listening to play after play of their great dramatists. Prof. White thinks that probably until after the time of Sophocles the semicircle of seats, the orchestra, and the house for the actors constituted the entire theatre, the stage being a considerably later addition. A striking contrast was drawn between the modern stage and the Greek. An evening spent in a gas-lighted, heated room, by an audience intent chiefly upon amusement, is indeed a different matter from a day in the theatre of Dionysus, whither the people went with feelings of awe and reverence. The Greek drama had its rise in the worship of Dionysus, god of the vine ano gladness, and never wholly lost its religious character. Prof. White then proceded to speak briefly of the chorus, actors and audience. The chorus in tragedy consisted of twelve or fifteen, (in comedy twenty-four,) young men sometimes representing women. Their leader, the Corgpharus engaged in dialogue with the actors, and the chorus performed choice songs and dances in the orchestra, about the altar of the god. Originally the chorus was the main feature in a Greek drama, but it gradually became subordinated. The number of speaking actors was limited to three. On account of the enormous distances of the theatre everything possible was done to increase their size. Linen masks with mouth-pieces were worn that the voice might be carried as far as possible. Various representations of the masks worn in tragic, comic and satyric drama are found in terra and marble, and many mural paintings, chiefly in Pompeii, giving scenes from plays, or pictures of individual actors. Copies of several of these were shown. The theatre held 30,000 people. They were seated in order, with priests and magistrates in the front rows, behind them the senate. Women were allowed at tragedies but not at comedies. The audience was excitable and demonstrative. A quotation from Mrs. Browning's "Wine of Cyprus," closed the lecture.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to give thee pain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.

Edward Rowland Sill.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Americus, Lyon Co., Kansas, Feb. 22, a daughter, Mary Caroline, to Mrs. Mary Meriam Coman, '84.

MARRIED.

Homer-Belden. At Chicago, Feb. 23, Anna F. Belden, student at Wellesley, '84-'86, to Fred M. Homer.

Manners-Whittlesey. At the residence of Mrs. H. N. F. Marshall, Northfield, Mass., Feb. 20, Frances Louise Whittlesley, '84, to Thomas Russell Manners.

Callahan-Parker. At Quechee, Vt., Feb. 26, Mary Elizabeth Parker, student at Wellesley, '85-'88, to Robert Lee Callahan.

Miss Marion Horton, student at Dana Hall, '84-'85, was bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. Mary Parker Callahan.

Miss Edith E. Metcalf, '80, is now connected with one of the city libraries of Chicago.

Mrs. Annie Saunders Baldwin, student at Wellesley, '80-'81, is travelling in California with her husband.

Miss Anna Wright, student at Wellesley, '81-'82, is assistant in the art store of Wales & Co., at Minneapolis.

Miss Ellen Davison, '86, is teaching in the new preparatory school established last fall at Louisville, Ky., by Miss Jennie Gillmore and Miss Charlotte Denfeld, of '85.

Miss Alice Ames, '86, who is teaching in a private school at Minneapolis, has an evening class of working girls in addition to her regular work.

The January Wide Awake has a fairy story, "Polly's Visit to the Book Kitchen," by Miss Delia W. Lyman, student at Wellesley, '75-'77, and first president of Zeta Alpha. Miss Lyman is the daughter of the late Professor Chester S. Lyman of the Sheffield Scientific School.

Several former students were present at the College reception on Monday afternoon, Feb. 24. Among them were Miss Annie Woodman, '89, Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82, Mrs. Mary Putnam Hart, Mrs. Maie Short Wadsworth and Mrs. Hattie Heydrick.

Mrs. Jennie Tilton Abbott, student at Wellesley, '75-'76, hss been living for the past year at Nashua, N. H., where her husband, Rev. Carey Abbott is pastor of the Unitarian Society. A daughter, Ruth, was born at Christmas-time.

Miss Gertrude Chandler, '79, who was called to Kansas City early in the winter by the serious illness of her mother, has returned to Auburndale.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Friday, Feb. 28, the Wesleyan Glee Club gave a concert in the village. The College contributed well toward the audience in spite of the rainy night. Wood Cottage gave a reception to the Club later in the evening

Tuesday, March 4, Dr. Briggs lectured on Missianic Prophecy to the Senior and Junior classes. In the evening, he spoke in the chapel on the Imaginative Element in Messianic Prophecy.

Monday afternoon, March 3rd, there was a grand rustle, as about forty daintily-robed, tissue paper bedecked figures hastened at Miss Stimson's bidding toward Gymnasium Hall, the scene of so many of Wellesley's social joys. Would that every cynic in regard to Wellesley's noble daughters could have looked upon the changing scene and graceful coloring. The pretty flag dance cards—a compliment to Miss Flagg, the honored guest of the hostess—once filled out, the music's strains, inspired one and all and colonial gentlemen gallantly led the bewitching maidens through the mazes of the Grand March. There was every color of the rainbow; robes of old style and new; unique, fanciful, odd, beautiful: there were wonderful primroses, daffodils and tulips. Yet the flowers, the fairies, the maidens showed themselves but human in their appreciation of the thoughtfully provided refreshments, Then came again, waltzes and polkas and finally a wonderful old-time Virginia Reel. Alas! that good time like many another departed to the wail of violin, echo of piano and maiden's sighs.

Mr. A. W. Stetson's recent addition to the Stetson Collection of the Art Building was hung in its place on Friday, Feb. 28. The painting, "October Days on the Neponset River," is by the landscapist John J. Enneking, a native of Ohio, but now living in Boston. Enneking has studied in Paris under Bonnat and Daubigny, and travelled in Europe. This picture, bought at the recent Boston Art Club Exhibition, is not a "studio" landscape: it recalls a familiar scene, and wins the heart by its refinement, and quiet truth to nature. The treatment is broad, requiring a little distance for the best view, yet carefully painted with a sure touch. We have a keen sense of the open air, of life and motion in the lovely, homely scene.

The Art Society held its first open meeting Saturday evening, March 1st. An unusual amount of time was devoted to the general art news, after which the special subject for the evening was opened by Miss Harriet Coman, in an appreciative paper on the history of Art in Florence. Illustrations of the great masters, and of the scenes amid which they lived, were passed about and examined at leisure Miss Luther further described and illustrated some of the best known pictures in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries. The meeting closed with a season of informal talk and some delightfully lively reminiscences of Florence from Professor Morgan.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Prof. F. D. Allen, of Harvard, has set to music all the odes of Horace.

President James E. Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr College, has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the trustees of Union College.

In the village of Strobech, Russia, the pupils in the highest grade in the schools are obliged to pass a yearly examination in chess.

The present law school at the University of Michigan is taxed to its utmost capacity. It is proposed to erect a new building next year.

Haverford college has purchased the library of the German scholar, Dr. Gustave Bauer, of Leipsic. The library consists of eighty thousand volumes and is a very fine collection of ecclesiastical literature.

The Columbia College Library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished visitors, and light meals are supplied to students who are too busy to leave their work.

There is some danger that Roberts college, the American school at Constantinople, will be closed on account of the hostility of the grand vizer. His hostility is caused by his belief that the young Turks who are educated there go out into the world with very liberal ideas antagonistic to the government methods and theories.

By the will of the late Benjamin Thompson, of Durham, N. H., his entire estate, valued at $500,000, is left to found an agricultural college in New Hampshire. Conditions are annexed, and if they are not complied with, the money goes to Massachusetts for the same purpose. In the event of neither of these States complying with the conditions the money goes to the State of Michigan.

Williams and Mary was the second college established in this country. George Washington was its chancellor after the close of the revolutionary war, till his death. Twice the college has suffered by fire, in 1705 and in 1849. At the close of the war it was destroyed by Union soldiers. In March, 1888, the Virginia legislature gave $10,000 a year to establish a normal college for the white males of the state in connection with the collegiate department. This college can boast of being the *alma mater* of three Presidents of the United States. It was the birthplace of the first fraternity, the Phi Beta Kappa. It was also the seat of the first Law school of this country. *Ex.*

OUR OUTLOOK.

Eleven women are said to manage prune orchards in Santa Clara, Cal.

In Chicago, recently, both Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sprague were ordained to the ministry of a Unitarian Church.

Mrs. Hettie Green of Brooklyn, a famous financier, has endowed about one hundred churches, and established fifty schools. She is worth $50,000,000.

Charles Dickens's daughter Kate, now Mrs. Perugini, for some time known as an artist, has now begun to write magazine articles which are notable for good sense and vivacity.

A New York woman finds plenty to do, and makes money by going from house to house, putting on locks, and mending articles that require small tools and nice work.

Mrs. J. C. Croly, (Jennie June) of New York, has been chosen a vice-president of the State Forestry Association, the object of which is to preserve the forests especially among the Adirondacks.

A course of ten lectures and conferences on Domestic Science, under the auspices of the Society for the University Education of Women, are in progress on Saturday forenoons at Jacob Sleeper Hall, 12 Somerset St., Boston.

Mrs Kennan is a great help to George Kennan in his work for the oppressed people of Russia. She recopies manuscript, reads proofs, translates Russian works, goes over the receipts from his works, and attends to their investment. In fine she is a thorough business woman.

Miss Elaine Goodale has been appointed by the Commissioner of Indian affairs as Supervisor of Education among the Sioux, an office created for the definite purpose of improving the Indian Schools, and especially for introducing industrial training and better methods into the day schools.

Ten women, including Pundita Ramabai, were delegates to the Fifth National Congress of India; their credentials were in due form, and they were given seats on the platform. It was an unprecedented innovation, and created a sensation; but during the convention every reference to the lady delegates was received with cheers.

A striking illustration of the common injustice to women wage-workers was incidentally discovered from a study of the U. S. Census reports for 1880. At that time in a certain county in Massachusetts were two neighboring factories, one employing men, the other women. The factory employing men paid an average salary of $513 a head, while the one employing women paid only $143 a head—this notwithstanding the fact, that the women's labor was no less profitable that of the men.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

The Atlantic Monthly for March contains a thrilling account of the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno" by William R. Thayer. Bruno's confession before the Inquisitors is extensively quoted from the original manuscript report of the inquisition, and from it we gather a vivid picture of his life and thought. He inspires our honor and admiration as a far-sighted philosopher who felt the true import of the scientific discoveries of his age, and as a brave man who dared to suffer death rather than recant the truth he knew, or profess faith in the dogmas he could not believe.—In strange proximity to this article "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con" is debated in an able article by Charles Worcester Clark. He concludes that franchise for women in local elections would be a great public advantage, but think that most women are now unwilling to vote and that until the majority desire the ballot it will be foolish and injurious to force it upon all for the pleasure of a clamorous majority.—"The Value of a Corner" by George Lathrop Parsons is not an article upon wheat or leather, but criticises the lack of originality in American literature, and advocates the propriety of cultivating a certain angularity of intellect.—Dr. Holmes discussed "Over the Teacups" the prevailing tendency to rhyming and suggests amusing half-witted children by teaching them to write verses, concluding with a clever poem on the literary lunatics entitled "Cacoethes Scribendi."—"A Forgotten Episode," by George A. Jackson treats of the shameful expulsion of the Cherokees from Georgia, half a century ago.—Other articles are "Loitering Through the Paris Exposition," "Dangers From Electricity," and the usual book-reviews and serials.

Every article in the very full March number of *Harper's* can be read with interest by the same person, whether he be an archæologist revelling in the accounts and illustrations of the Winged Victory discovered at Samothrace and the head of Iris restored to the Parthenon frieze, or take a more frivolous delight in the plots and counterplots of "Our Invalid Wives."—"The Army of the United States," and "How to Listen to Wagner's Music," are subjects on which most people are open to information.—"Manila and its Surroundings" and "Venetian Boats" are vividly pictured with pen as well as pencil.—Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in a charmingly sympathetic essay on Ruskin, shows us the great critic as a child, and as a host at beautiful Brantwood.—"The Cobra Stone" is an interesting scientific explanation of a snake story.—The situation presented in the opening chapters of Howell's new serial, "The Shadow of a Dream" is a somewhat new departure for this author, and borders on the pathological.—"On the South Shore," by Margaret Crosby, and "An Ignoble Martyr," by Rebecca Harding Davis, are stories thoroughly characteristic of the places and people described: of simple, noble life on the Nantucket coast, and of mental death in the ideally horrible country town.—"Root and Flower," by Massey, the several other subjective poems, are balanced by the breezy words of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's "Pacet."—Finally, the Easy-chair and Drawer of the Editor's Study complete the recreation and information afforded by the perusal of this number.

BOOK REVIEWS.

German Reader. By Edward I. Joynes, M. A., Professor in South Carolina University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 90. The author of this *Reader* needs no introduction. He is already well known to schools and teachers through his excellent editions of the *Joynes'Meissner German Grammar* and *Classic French Plays*. Professor Joynes believes that there is no longer any need for more elaborate Readers, their place being well filled by editions of German Literature in every style. His aim has therefore been to limit this *Reader* to beginners only. The book is divided into five parts. Part I. contains "Familiar Extracts" with foot-notes and elementary rules. The selections are interlined with the English translation when necessary. Part II. continues the drill in reading with "Familiar and Easy Prose," some in the German text and some in Roman type. Part III. contains "Short and Easy Poems." Part IV. follows with "Prose Selections" for rapid reading. Part V. closes the work with "Letters." Besides the selections in Roman type mentioned above, there are also selections in Parts IV. and V. in the old orthography and a few of the letters in Part II. are in the German script, thus providing for practice in all the different forms. As has been said, the notes to Part I. are foot-notes; those for the other Parts are at the end of the book. There is also a good Vocabulary with a "Grammatical Appendix" on "Accent," "Inflection of Nouns," "Irregular Verbs," and "Order of Words," and a new edition is to contain also an "Appendix on Cognates." The book has many good features and should accomplish very well the aim of the author, namely, to provide "an introduction not to German Literature, but simply *to the reading of German.*" There are many people who think even an introductory Reader should fulfill both these conditions, but to those who approve of Professor Joynes's methods, this little book will no doubt prove satisfactory.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Handbook. Northfield Seminary and Mt. Hermon School.

Deathless Book. By David O. Mears.

Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus. By Gerhard Uhlhorn.

Century Dictionary, vol. 1 and 2. Edited by Wm. D. Whitney.

Physical Training. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows.

Life and Works of Antoine Barye. By Charles De Kay.

Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9. By C. E. Maurice.

Essentials of Histology. By E. A. Schäfer.

William C. Bryant. (American Men of Letters.) By John Bigelow.

Unity of Nature. By George D. C. Duke of Argyll.

OUR EXCHANGES.

CRAMMING FOR EXAMINATIONS.

The latest thing out.—The college student's night lamp.—*Voice.*

STUDENT (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her—" that was as far as I got, Professor," Professor—"that was quite far enough; you may sit down."—*Ex.*

"I WISH I were a star," said a Cornell Junior dreamily to his companion. "I wish I were a comet," she said coolly, "for then you would come around only once in 1560 years."—*Ex.*

SHE, (of Boston.)—"Have you read 'Ben Hur?' If so, do you remember those wonderful characters, the three wise men of the east?" He, (of Chicago.)—"I never read the book, but I've had the pleasure of meeting two of the characters you mention, John Sullivan and Mike Kelly

Only a boy,
A pair of skates,
A hole in the ice,
The golden gates.
—*Haverford Index.*

ODE TO NIGHT.

The evening for her bath of dew,
Is partially undressed,
The sun behind a bob-tailed flush
Is setting in the West.
The planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars,
The sky has put his night shirt on
And buttoned it with stars.

"How old are you?" a rude boy asked
A very ancient maid;
And thus the unique spinster tasked
In gentle accents said:—
"Pray look at the thermometer."
The gracious boy obeyed,
And with a smile he answered her:—
"You're sixty-one
When in the sun,
And forty in the shade." —*Moonshine.*

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